

# THE GIRL FROM KANSAS.

By Alice Rohe.



LEORA O'HELE, twenty years to come to New York, and now that Daisy and I have two rooms and bath she has mistaken us for a sister.

We've been trying to entertain her, but her ideas are too grand for us. We've been trying to instill the picturesque Bohemian craze into her and turn her into the belief that a 25-cent table d'hôte dinner that you can't eat is the proper thing because it is "so Bohemian."

We've even led her to the thirty-five cent table d'hôte, where they serve red ink and water with dinner, but there is nothing doing in the enthusiasm from Leora. We've talked ourselves faint pointing out pale-looking ribbon counter clerks as celebrated artists and writers, but Leora won't mark them.

She came to New York with a list of places and things she wanted to see, and I'll let you know there were no cheap sights for her. Never! Not so long as she is enforcing the visitor's right of dodging expenses. When Leora balked at the lovely table d'hôte dinner served between 8 and 8 at the "Sign of the Purple Cow," she very quietly disappeared. She insisted on being entertained at Sherry's and Delmonico's and the Waldorf and a few other places she has read about in guides to New York.

She got terribly insulted because we took her to the theatre and made her sit in the family circle.

She'd never done such a thing in her life and she was "so ashamed."

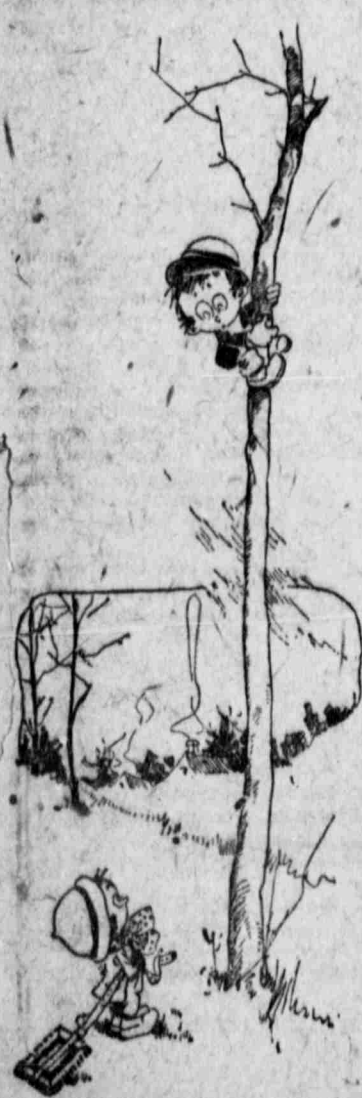
She thinks New York isn't half what it's cracked up to be and I can see our finish when she gets back to her native land.

Of all people you want to fight shy of the complaining, pessimistic friend who simply won't like New York is the worst.

We haven't found anything that suits Leora yet but Fifth avenue, and she's simply disgusted because the Astors and Vanderbilts haven't asked her to dine.

She thinks we have such queer friends.

Saw for Himself.



"Ain't yer goin' to school, Willie?"

"Now! I ain't goin' nowhere where dey try to tell me de world is round. I kin see it all from here, an' it's just as flat as a pie!"

# FRENZIED FINANCE AT HOME

By Walter Wellman

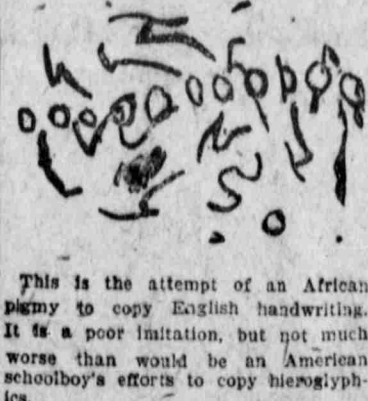


SHE SAID "WE'LL BE REAL HAPPY."



PERHAPS SHE IS. CAN'T SAY I AM. THERE'S JUST ENOUGH FOR HER.

POOR IMITATION



This is the attempt of an African pigmy to copy English handwriting. It is a poor imitation, but not much worse than would be an American schoolboy's efforts to copy hieroglyphics.

## The Baby-Market's Slump.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

(The women of the Des Moines, Ia. Chamber of Commerce have selected the motto "Quality rather than quantity; fewer, but better babies.")—News Item.

THE ladies of Iowa (A high-browed, brilliant few, Whose life-ideal is embodied in holy "Chambers" Depew) Have solved the racial problem And smashed tradition's fetter By this decree: "All babies must be Extremely few, but better."

No more a host of children On every side we'll view, But the few left will always Be plump as Depew. The kid that once in anger

Threw down his toys and squealed Will spend his time preparing for The Missionary field.

The child who on July Fourth Cherished a taste for arson, Will spend that day, in future, Planning to be a parson. The baby to whom mischief Came natural as breathin' Will turn his surplus energy To rounding up the heathen.

Oh, ladies of Iowa Your new idea is FINE! But let that race of holy brats Cease at Iowa's line: And let us old back-numbers Still glean a secret gladness From the quaint pranks and naughty stunts Of normal babies' badness!



A FOUR VOWEL PUZZLE

You will write down the name of the boy in the picture you can form the names of three other objects which the picture also illustrates by simply changing the vowel in his name. What vowels would you use and what words would their use make?

# The Fortune-Teller.

By T. O. McGill.



ATILLA, the sun-woman, was in a most doleful state when I called last night. The white owl sang a sad refrain and the south wind sighed through the lattice of Atilla's ghost.

"I will help by giving the aces to the window."

I laid the cards and the written words of my quest in the bowl of Indian war and Atilla sighed deeply as she shuffled the cards.

"It is trouble, trouble, always trouble," she sighed.

"My trouble or yours?" I asked.

"I feel that it is yours," she said.

"That's a good starter," I observed.

She pulled the ace cards from the under part of the pack and laid them over on the top half of the deck I had cut off.

"I will help by giving the aces to the

## Have a Laugh with the Funny Men.

Washington Star Man:

"I hear that your wife has been operated on for appendicitis."

"Yes; day before yesterday. She's getting along nicely."

"Wasn't it rather sudden?"

"Oh, yes, but she had just got through with the dressmaker, so it was all right."

Pittsburg Dispatch Man:

Here is an ident recipe for a kiss: To one piece of a dark piazza add a little moonlight; take for granted two people; press in two strong ones a small, soft hand; mix lightly two ounces of attraction; add a large measure of folly; stir in a floating ruffie; add one or two whippers; dissolve a half-dozen glances in a well of silence; quist in a small quantity of hesitation, one ounce of resistance; place the kisses on a flushed cheek or two red lips; flavor with a slight scream and set aside to cool. This will succeed in

any climate, if directions are carefully followed.

Chicago Tribune Man:

Jacob had almost completed his fourteen years of service for Rachel.

"It's all right," he said. "She's worth it. I wouldn't trade jobs with McCarty himself!"

"Everybody, you know, eats his peck of dirt before he dies."

"That was the ancient estimate. You're a hundred years behind the times. In these days of dairy farms, sausage factories, pie bakeries, railroad lunch counters, glue factories, and fruit canneries everybody eats his peck of dirt once a month."

Philadelphia Press Man:

"Say, look here!" exclaimed the nervy drummer, "you'll marry me, won't you? I've got money!"

"Sir," sneered the proud beauty. "This is a gross insult."

"Not at all. It's positively 'art.'"

"Perhaps," growled the unsuccessful contributor, "you don't consider this joke original."

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the editor.

"Ah, then why?"

"Yes, it was original about seventy-five years ago, but you don't appear to be that old."

## Suicide on Instalments.

THERE was a man in Atlanta who once suspected a negro in his employ of tampering with the contents of his wine cellar, especially with a certain brand of fine whiskey. The employer decided to adopt measures to verify his suspicions. He allowed the demijohn holding his "private stock" to become empty; then, instead of refilling it, he placed his pet brand in bottles, labelling each one "poison."

One evening on returning home unexpectedly he caught his servant in flagrant delicto, says the Woman's Home Companion. Seizing the bottle from the darky's hand the Atlanta man exclaimed in a tone of terror: "Great heavens, Sam! Do you know what you have been doing? This bottle is marked 'poison!'"

The negro took the bottle and surveyed it closely. Then he snuffed at it. A melancholy smile flitted over his dusky countenance. "That's plain, sah," he said dejectedly. "I've been fooled ag'in."

"Fooled again?" repeated the master indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"Well, sah," continued the darky in the same tone of depression: "I am dis way, I knowed from de fact, from de way you codd 'bout dat demijohn, dat you had yo' suspicions of me, an' dat sho' made me feel pretty blue. I got distressed an' didn't care. Why, sah, 'er most 'two weeks now I've been tryin' to commit suicide over dat bottle."

## Choice of Literature.



"Watch'er readin', Billy?"

"Aw, chase yerself! Wot does a kid like you care about de condition of de stock market? Wot?"

# HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

EDITED BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

## THE PROBLEMS OF CHRISTMAS.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

CHRISTMAS, thank Heaven, is a long way off. We have still two weeks to ponder the perennial problem of how we are going to buy presents for forty-five people when we have only money enough for two.

But the spirit of Christmas is so much in the air that even the oranges we have for breakfast smells of Christmas, and forces our newly roused consciousness to take up the white woman's burden of making two and two make five.

Christmas is a woman's festival. "Oh, indeed, is it?" grumble the men who pay for it. But at least there are some of them honest enough to admit it. I read, the other day, a very subtle newspaper sketch by one of them, called "The Married Man." In it the husband tells of buying a last year's sled for his little boy and asking his wife to touch up the varnished places, even while he tells her that he will have to "peel off a five" for the Christmas gift they are going to give "Charlie," the barkeeper.

I don't think men generally feel the spirit of Christmas. It represents to them, to be sure, the period when it is essential to buy diamonds for one's wife. But that proceeding, after all, is an unscrupled method of domestic economy. There is no better investment than the judicious purchase of diamonds. Of course, they may not think about that. But there is a sub-conscious prudence in the most generous man that far exceeds the superficial economy of the most miserly woman.

If so, why is it that there are so many men who think nothing of taking a gift to the theatre and spending, perhaps, \$5 for tickets and supper and a hansom, who regard the expenditure of \$5 for a bunch of violets at Christmas time as reckless extravagance?

Women, even the most avaricious, are far more amenable to the Christmas spirit of giving. I am sure even the fast purse strings of Mrs. Hetty Green must feel a certain elasticity at this time of year.

And those of us, of merely normal generosity, must already begin to guard ourselves against the encroaching recklessness.

The tendency to rob little Peter at home to make a front with Paul's mother abroad is, above all, to be combated. Christmas is a time for the consideration of those we love and those who love us to the latter exclusion of all casual claims.

Now, of course, the perpetual claim of those poorer than ourselves, whom we should endeavor to help, not from selfish satisfaction, but from earnest friendliness. For they are always with us.

But Christmas is, of all days, the greatest of home. And as such we should celebrate it.

## Ideally Beautiful Chin, Throat and Neck Lines.



EXERCISE FOR BEAUTIFUL NECK LINES

HOW CREASES AND DOUBLE CHINS ARE FORMED

Removing Ugly Lines

EVERY woman wishes to have a beautiful neck. There are few women who cannot attain this desire if they would give as much time to developing it as they do to washing for it.

Don't worry about whether your neck is too long or too short. There are faults that cannot be remedied, although, of course, judicious dressing may mitigate them. But a long neck may be, indeed generally is, too thin. And the short ones are too frequently thick and flabby.

The first essential of a beautiful neck is whiteness. Many women use lemon juice to whiten the neck and there are others who advocate tomato juice as a more beautiful. Then there are

most of which possess some merit. The best formula for keeping the skin of neck and hands white and smooth is the regular mixture of glycerin and rosewater that you can buy already prepared at any drug store, with about two drops of carbolic acid added.

A fruitful source of trouble to the woman who might otherwise have a beautiful neck is the habit of drooping

the head backward to rest the chin rests on the throat. This leads inevitably to creases and double chins. Cultivate the habit of holding the head erect and before going to bed at night give fifteen minutes to massaging the neck, rubbing in the glycerin and rosewater a little at a time. Rub the head well back and, beginning at the base of the chin, rub the tips of the fingers

downward and outward with a rotary movement, that is, describing little circles with every movement.

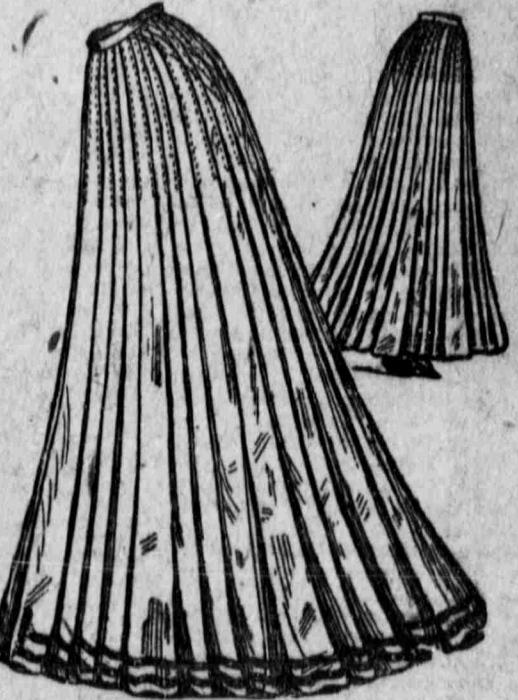
There are two places where a woman shows her age most quickly. These are in the facial and disproportionate fattening of the upper arm and in the creases at the back of the neck that tell her age as inevitably as if they were a snake's "rattles" or a tree's rings. Careful massage will postpone these fatal creases, and no woman over thirty can afford to neglect them. The same movement should be used as in eliminating the double chin.

## To Clean Silver.

SILVER trimmings which are now so much worn become easily tarnished. To clean them is a simple matter. Rub them with a piece of tissue paper dipped in dry powdered magenta and the yellowness will quickly disappear.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE plaited skirt illustrated is one of the newest and latest that is graceful and attractive, both in the round and walking length, and which is exceedingly well liked. The model is made of chiffon broadcloth with trimming of silk bands, the plaits being attached flat, but almost all the materials of the season are sufficiently light in weight to be correct. Venetian cloth and various other weaves of the material also are much seen, while again the chiffon velvets and moire velours and the long list of silks are equally in vogue. The trimming also allows of much variation, and while such bands of silk as these are fashionable, there are almost numberless bandings and braids that can be purchased by



Nine-Gored Plaited Skirt—Pattern No. 5219. The yard. Material required for the medium size is 12 yards 27, 7 yards 44 or 28 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 10-12 yards 27, 6-12 yards 44 or 51-4 yards 52 inches wide when it has not, with 12 yards of trimming.

Pattern 5219, is out in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns: Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. Pattern: IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

She Deceives Him.

DEAR Betty: I AM a young man in my eighteenth year and have been acquainted with a girl since August last, and lately I have been finding out through her friends that she is deep in love with me. What shall I do about this matter?

Do nothing. Pay no attention to idle gossip.

To Arouse Sense of Humor.

AM a young girl nineteen years old and find it very difficult to make friends, especially when I meet people for the first time. I am not a good conversationalist, neither am I

as jolly as I would like to be, so will you please help me out of this predicament by proposing some book which with careful reading and studying will help to improve me, especially arouse my sense of humor, as I do not think that I am without any.

Try to read Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." The latter book I have read dozens of times. It is the most subtly true and finely humorous book ever written, in my opinion. It borrows some people. If you had yourself one of them, you'd right away and tackle the Miller's joke book or John Woodcock's "The Art of Conversation."